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A

REPLY

TO THE LETTER OF

EDMUND BURKE, Esq.

TO A

NOBLE LORD.

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

Late Fellow of Jesus-College, Cambridge.

Comprime motus;

Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit,
Occurrat; mentemque domet respectus honesti.

CLAUDIAN.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day.
The whole amount of this enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame.

POPE.

THE THIRD EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY G. KEARSLEY, NO. 46, FLEET-STREET.

1796.

A. S. B. etc.

REPLY

EDMUND BURKE, ESQ.

NOBLE LORD

IN CHIEF WARRANTED BY

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



THE FIRST EDITION

WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

AND SOLD BY A. CHAMBERLAIN, NO. 10, FLEET STREET.

1790

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A

REPLY, &c.

SOME years ago, when the son of Chatham, who has reversed with ignoble accuracy that affecting circumstance in the poet,

——— *Dignus patriis qui lætior esset
Imperiis, et cui pater haud Mezentius esset;*

when, I say, this degenerate son of Chatham, with his puny assessors on the treasury-bench, was accustomed, in all the plenitude of official insolence sublimed by all the acrimony of baffled malice, to receive with groans and hisses the rapturous eloquence of EDMUND BURKE, an eloquence that would have charmed the Bacchanals of Thrace to gentleness and humanity; I felt those risings of inexpressible indignation, which an exhibition of unrivalled

B

Genius

Genius and exemplary Virtue, spurned by the hoofs of Venality and Barbarism, would raise from the bosom of Sensibility. Surely, some ebullitions of just resentment, some sallies of vexation, some digressions of complacent vanity, might have been conceded to a long career of patriotic services, to extraordinary accomplishments of intellect, to an universal elegance of literature, and to a conspicuous, but pardonable, consciousness of high desert. All but barbarians, unknown to letters and estranged from humanity, would have weighed the intemperance of the partisan with the supreme endowments of the orator: an intemperance, if kindly estimated, but as the dust of the balance in competition with those endowments. A youthful tribe, just emancipated from scholastic discipline, might have reflected also, if unimpressed by more laudable and elevated motives, on those ingenuous times of virtuous antiquity, when a precedency of years claimed, and received, the veneration of a father *. But scanty

* Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte pium,
 Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat, et si
 Barbato cuicumque puer; licet ipse videret
 Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos.
 Tam venerabile erat præcedere quatuor annis,
 Primaque par adeo sacrae lanugo senectæ.

Juv. xiii. 54.

was

was the virtue of this froward crew; and “ ears to
“ rapture” were not their portion.

Under the influence of these considerations, no incident of a similar complexion ever gave me more concern, as far as a sequestered and antiquated student can be supposed accessible to such extraneous occurrences, than the defection of Edmund Burke from those principles of political attachment, which had regulated the tenour of his life, and constituted the materials of his glory. For myself, I was inclined from the first to put on this reverse of conduct a construction, which should encroach with less inroad on his integrity, than one usually acceptable to men of sentiments congenial with my own. I considered what qualification should be made in behalf of a wounded spirit, indignant at the ingratitude and insensibility of his fellow-citizens, who could abandon their faithful leaders in the decline of influence, and hasten with the mercenary salutations of servility to “ the rising morn.” I conceived, that the dereliction of his plan, promoted by this bitterness of vexation, was partly imputable to an original deficiency in the genuine love of truth, and partly to an operation of false shame, not possessed of sufficient magnanimity to retract those indefensible positions, extorted from an unassent-

ing judgement by the impetuosity of passion, the offspring of instantaneous impulse on that irritability of temper, too frequently an inseparable concomitant of refined feeling and exalted genius. His situation reminded me of the unhappy mother, in the poet :

Και μανθανω μεν οια τολμησω κακα,
Θυμος δε κρεισσων των εμων βουλευματων *.

But, as William Whiston somewhere says in his memoirs, with a frankness and simplicity peculiar to the man, that he took frequent opportunities of expostulating with the Bishops, and reproving

* Eurip. Med. 1078, which, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, who have not enjoyed such opportunities of learning Greek as my Lord Belgrave and I, may be completely represented in the words of Ovid :

Sed trahit invitam nova vis; aliudque cupido,
Mens aliud, suadet. Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor. Met. vii. 19.

And for the accommodation of those, who live still more remote, at the extremities of Wales or the north of Scotland, suppose; I shall subjoin a more simple version, principally from Tate and Stonestreet :

A strong desire my yielding soul invades;
And Passion this, and Conscience that persuades.
I see the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

them,

them, for their repeated marriages, in violation forsooth! of the express injunctions of the *apostolical constitutions*; and received but *small thanks* for his pains: so many will be disposed, I fear, to cherish no very elevated conception of my candour in this construction on the political deportment of Mr. Burke. That he is chargeable, however, with a relinquishment of his established political character, not only in my opinion, but the judgement of the world at large, is demonstrable, I think, from one indisputable fact. "Who reads Bolingbroke now? Who ever did read him through? He is gone to the vault of all the Capulets:" or equivalent words, were the lively sarcastic triumph of our admirable writer over the deistical remains of that renowned nobleman. I also may say, in my turn, "Who reads Burke? Who ever has read him through?" His mighty quartos, illuminated as they are with all the splendour of philosophic truth, with all the enchanting extravagances of the brightest fancy, with the spangles of metaphor, the coruscations of wit, and the blaze of eloquence; these quartos, I say, with their inexhaustible stores of instruction, delight, and rapture, lie neglected on the shelf, an incumbrance to the venders! the receptacle of cobwebs, and the feast of worms! Yet the solution of this extraordinary phænomenon is obvious and unquestionable. Our new To-

ries and *old Whigs*, the present admirers of Mr. Burke, can derive no pleasure from "his tales of other times;" from the thunder of that oratory, which was once launched with resistless fury at the devoted head of Lord North and the abettors of American subjugation; nor yet from those axioms of constitutional liberty and political justice, breathing benevolence to mankind, and raising the philanthropy of their author to the sublime level of his intellect. This class of readers are offensively confronted in every page with positions and principles, that were never *their's*, and are now no longer *his*. They are repelled by the hostilities of argument in the *writer*, and feel themselves unable to suppress the silent impulse of indignant Nature and revolting Virtue at the enormous inconsistency of the *man*, on contrasting his present exertitions with his former efforts *. The *new Whigs* are, in their turn, too violently irritated by the sense of his desertion, to contemplate with complacency in his works the abdicated tenets of a lost, deserted patriot. Thus, between the alienation of both parties, these fruits of prime intel-

* Hei mihi! qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo
Heclore! VIRG.

If thou beest he—but oh! how fall'n! how chang'd
From him—! MILTON.

ligence

ligence are abandoned altogether, and sleep in peace, waiting the removal of the present occupants; when, upon easier terms to the phlegmatic purchaser, they will, but without the seasonable charms of novelty,

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.

Ask the booksellers: they will shake their heads, and confirm my statement. Truly, these ill-fated volumes may be suitably compared, with respect to the present and past admirers of their parent, to the punishments of Mezentius:

Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Conponens manibusque manus, atque oribus ora:

since the *later* writings of our author are to one class that putrid carcase, unfavoury in their nostrils, and contaminating their enjoyment; his *former* writings are that carcase to the other. Our mighty genius was once the admiration of *both* parties for his eloquence and his virtue: he is certainly this day but the darling of *one* at most, for his eloquence alone.

Besides, an indifference to truth, or at least but a dull perception of her charms, is not obscurely intimated even by the title of one book; *An Ap-*

peal from the New to the Old Whigs. The first question, obvious and natural, which I asked, when I read this title, and which Mr. Burke should have asked himself before he wrote it, was: "Of what comparative importance are the sentiments of the *old Whigs*, or of the *new*?" The proper enquiry, in this and every other instance, is alone, "Where is truth, moral and political, to be found?" With *arguments* surely, and not with *noises*. Now it appears to me, I own, that something essentially wrong pervades the intellectual constitution of that writer, who makes his Gothic appeal to the fallible judgements of a party; and regulates the statics of opinion, not by the cogency of reasons, but the external characters of men.

After these preliminary observations, which may contribute, in conformity with their intention, to convince the reader of my freedom from all personal bias, unfavourable to Mr. Burke, on this occasion; I proceed to the pamphlet itself, which came late and casually into my hands, without the slightest predetermination in my mind to enter the lists against it.

"To be ill spoken of, in whatever language
 "they speak, by the zealots of the new sect in
 "philosophy

“ philosophy and politicks, of which these noble persons think so charitably, and of which others think so justly, to me is no matter of uneasiness or surprize.”

Now these “ zealots of the new sect in philosophy and politicks,” to define them in the most malignant latitude of acceptation, that our adversaries can wish, are those, who build on the natural equality of the human race, and the unassailable principles of universal justice, the claim of every citizen in a community to an enjoyment of privilege and protection, and the reasonable comforts of society, in proportion to his diligence, his services, and his worth. But is this a *new sect* then? And are their *principles* also *new*? Mr. Burke! you are a scholar; well versed, I believe, in the writings of the great luminaries of antiquity. You are yourself comparable, as a man of exuberant imagination and splendid eloquence, to the noblest of them all. Will *you* condescend to inform *me* now, an insipid musty scholar, in what celebrated author of Greece or Rome, whether philosopher, poet, philologer, or historian, we find not such principles of universal liberty, amidst an acrimonious abhorrence of servility and usurpation, inculcated with enthusiastic ardour and sedulous anxiety? Or shall
I remind

I remind you of a sentiment in Homer, that morning star of literature to the heathen world?

Ἡμῖν γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνονται εὐρυπτα Ζεὺς
 Ἀνερῶ, εὐτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἡμᾶρ ἔλθῃσιν *.

He, blind bard! would have seen, that, in a country like our's, in spite of those *unspeakable* and *undescribable* blessings, a *free parliament*, and a *glorious constitution* in church and state †; even *he* would have seen, I say, through this fog of nominal imposition aggravated by insufferable insult, that the greater part of our society, who can scarcely provide for mere animal subsistence, are *necessarily slaves*; mere dependents on the capricious bounties of their superiours, and of course exposed to all those vices, which are connected with abject subordination, with laborious employments that preclude intellectual improvement, the purest handmaid of morality! with those degrading accommodations, that sink a man in his own esteem, and shut out the vivi-

* Od. P. 322. Or, as Pope well renders:

Jove fixt it certain, that the fatal day,

Which makes men slaves, takes half their worth away.

† Of which a due perception is scarcely attainable, or indeed to be expected, without an unreserved application, both to our senses and our intellect, of that reconciling maxim: *Crede quod habes, et habes*. Compare James ii. 15, 16,

*

fying

fyng influence of generous and exalted sentiment from his bosom.

Again: To pass over a long list of illustrious heroes through many centuries, even Virgil, who was indebted, not for subsistence only, but for life, to the favour of an arbitrary prince, never abandoned, from interest or passion, the magnanimity of soul and rectitude of thought, congenial to a Roman spirit. This child of genius dared to exhibit *the loveliness of Liberty* before his saviour, his benefactor, and his sovereign, in the emblazonry of immortal verse:

—— natosque pater, nova bella moventes,
Ad pœnam pulchrâ pro libertate vocabit.
Infelix! Utcumque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido*.

He not only states the *fact*, you see, in the garb

* Æn. vi. 821. Thus translated diffusely, but with incomparable elegance, by Pitt:

His sons, who arm the Tarquins to maintain,
And fix oppression in the throne again,
He nobly yields to justice, in the cause
Of sacred Freedom, and insulted laws.
Though harsh th' unhappy father may appear,
The judge compels the fire to be severe;
And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move
To sink the private in the public love,

of

of engaging language, but vindicates and extols the *motive* : eternising the father, who doomed his sons to death for conspiring to reinstate an exiled monarch in his throne, and dissolve DEMOCRACY ! These are the sonorous heralds of Equality and Liberty, (convertible terms for Virtue,) in ancient times. From Edmund Burke and the *new Whigs* of England, I appeal to these *antiquated Whigs* of Athens and of Rome.

Indeed, I know not, if any topic of meditation has been productive to my mind of more extraordinary surprise, and of regret, and shame, and horror, commensurate to that surprise, than what arises from an observation of those youths of family and fortune, who have received their education in our public schools and universities. The study of these authors in question forms the chief, and almost sole, occupation of their time : they read the most approved of them, pregnant with the cœlestial fire of freedom in their sentiments, in all the charms of melodious verse, and all the prodigality of pompous phrase, even to the solicitude of imprinting them with exact fidelity on their memories : but, strange to tell and hideous to believe ! without transfusing the vigour of the precepts into their own lives and conversations. The
pure

pure stream of sober political equality, imbibed at these sacred fountains, passes through their bosoms, as the river of poetic fable through the ocean *; neither intermingling it's current, nor imparting in the transit the slightest flavour of it's qualities. From the democratical invectives of Demosthenes and the fervid vehemence of Lucan, that true hierophant of Liberty! these unaccountable votaries of the classic ages hasten to cringe at court with fulsome adulation, to sell their services of ignominy to a jobbing minister, and barter for sordid gold their own virtue, the rights of their countrymen, and the well-being of the human race.

“ It is soothing to my wounded mind, to be
 “ commended by an able, vigorous, and well-
 “ informed statesman, and at the very moment
 “ when he stands forth with a manliness and re-
 “ solution, worthy of himself and of his cause,
 “ for the preservation of the person and govern-
 “ ment of our Sovereign, and therein for the se-
 “ curity of the laws, the liberties, the morals,
 “ and the lives of his people.”

Suppose then we vary the direction of our sur-

* Sic tibi, cum fluctus subterlabere Sicanos,
 Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam. VIRG.

vey:

vey: suppose we put on, for the amusement of a few minutes only, a pair of retrospective spectacles; and contemplate the vast achievements of this wonder-working statesman, Lord Grenville, in the bold prominence of irrefragable facts: a statesman, whose insolence, I think, is of a fabric, for unimpressible obduracy, beyond that of his redoubtable compatriot and coadjutor, EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES in the House of Commons; who was heretofore my Coryphæus in this respect, the undoubted and legitimate heir of the Cibberian forehead of our fathers:

The genuine master of the *sevenfold face*!

This man, verily, and his compeers, *set out* with a design to partition and plunder France and it's dominions; to restore Priesthood to her stalls, Aristocracy to her privileges, and Monarchy to her throne: he *concludes* his course with a willingness to sign the eternal death-warrant of church-establishments, nobility, and royalty in that kingdom, and to acknowledge the construction of a republic on their ruins! The only obstacle now is, (a commutation, supremely laughable to me, but transcendently ignominious to this paragon of statesmen) not, whether France is to be partitioned and CON-

QUERED,

QUERED, but whether she shall preserve her
CONQUESTS! Festivom caput!

————— risum teneatis, amici?

The pretended *motives* to this war (for the *real* motives were, beyond all controversy, the suppression of a reforming spirit in the societies at home, and a parricidal hostility against the happiness and liberties of Englishmen) the pretended motives, I say, were, The preservation of property from republicans and levellers, the defence of monarchy, and the maintenance of social order and religion against universal anarchists. The *issue* has been a reduction of this country to the extremity of distress, so as to endanger the very existence of our government, and all property most effectually, by the probability in no long time of a national bankruptcy, with or without a continuance of the war; whilst the poor are perishing in our streets with famine, and placemen, jobbers, pensioners, apostates, and contractors are glutting their insatiable rapacity with the very vitals of their agonising country. The *means* also to this issue have been a prodigious complication of crimes and miseries, unexampled in the annals of our species, written as they are in characters of blood. Europe and the Indies have been converted into one vast slaughter-house, in whose horrid precincts

cinets two millions of human beings have been immolated to the Moloch of English ministers, for the preservation, truly ! of the faith of Jesus, for the honour of Jehovah, and the welfare of orderly and peaceful subjects ! An attempt to famish a whole nation, the innocent with the guilty, has happily terminated in a famine among ourselves ; by which many may suffer more than me, but none with superiour delight in this just and edifying retribution. The professors of a religion, which breathes grace, mercy, and peace, unlimited and undistinguishing, to all the children of mortality, have thundered, at the command of secular superiours, their impious anathemas against French republicans from the pulpit ; and have poured their devout imprecations of vengeance and extermination to the Father of all flesh, to the God of love and mercy ! that God, who *then*, as those very republicans *now*, “ laughed them to scorn, and had “ them in derision.”

What a prodigious reverse is here ! What projects, what means, and what an issue to this series of vast astonishing transactions ! Is it possible for the language and capacities of man to set forth such a singularity of events,—such a wonderful, but glorious, catastrophe, in any
terms

terms of emphasis and significance, beyond the efficacy of an unadorned statement? Were even the domineering talents of Mr. Burke to exert their graphic energies in the delineation of this mighty subject, we should still say, *Materies superabat opus!* The highest flights of eloquence would sink beneath the task, depressed, with all their exaggeration, by the plain materials. Such, gentle reader! is the delightful result of this same Lord Grenville's political exertions! Such are the blessed fruits, such the incalculable benefits, of the manliness and resolution of this "able, vigorous, and well-informed statesman:" benefits and blessings, characterised by Mr. Burke himself with an unexceptionable accuracy of phrase, and that strict propriety of terms, that extorts even my assent;—as WORTHY OF HIM AND OF HIS CAUSE*. Could we wish a severer punishment to our bitterest enemy †, than the complex sensations arising at once from the flagitious production of those scenes of horror, and the most consummate discomfiture of such

* Dignus imperator legione Martia, digna legio imperatore. CICERO.

† Magne pater divum, sævos punire tyrannos

Haud aliâ ratione velis!

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.

PERS. Sat. iii. 35.

C

audacious

audacious hectoring, such frantic impotence of malice?

——— Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa
Efferat vis animi*?

Mindful of the two great professors of the poetic art, lately summoned for another purpose; were the resuscitation of *one man* as easy to me, as the transportation of *myriads* in Charon's wherry over that irremeable stream to certain ministers, universally distinguishable by this mark; I would call up the shade of Homer to reprove Mr. Burke, with accents of sympathetic sorrow over deluded zeal and prostituted homage, in

* This *able statesman*, no less than his principal, mentioned above with suitable respect, and not unaptly denominated by some, "The GRAND NATIONAL IMPOSTOR;" they, I say, may make themselves sure, I promise them, of a pretty potent blast from Fame's *posterior trumpet*, so circumstantially described by Butler, Hud. ii. 1. 69.

Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones.
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not; only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
The one Good, th' other Evil Fame.

Compare Pope's Dunciad, iv. 71.

return

return for such unseasonable and outrageous panegyric :

Ατρείδῃ, ποῖον σε ἔπος θυγὲν ἔρκος ὁδοῦτων ;

And the same vivifying caduceus should summon Virgil from the bowers of Elysium, to address the incomparable subject of the same panegyric, on his political wisdom and success :

Ah ! Corydon ! Corydon ! quæ te dementia cepit ?

So, with this distribution of poetic justice, I close the present series of my remarks.

“ They unplumb the dead for bullets to
“ assassinate the living.”

I select for animadversion but this little clause only, from one of the sublimest invectives that was ever poured forth by the phrenzy of irritated genius, from the fount of eloquence. Oh ! that such splendid diction, such profusion of living imagery, such vigour of intellect, such fertility of fancy, such magnificence of composition,

“ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,”
were mantled in the sacred habiliments of Truth !

A fairer person lost not heaven : he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit :

But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason.

Now, let us previously state the circumstances of relation between the allied Powers and the French, to assist our judgement on this bold charge of *assassination* against the detested republicans.

A populous and powerful nation resolve on a new modification of their government, and limit the regal power by certain restrictions deemed favourable, in the opinion of the nation at large, to the liberties and happiness of the subject. This monarch, so constituted, becomes unfaithful to engagements, accepted with all the formalities of public assent in the presence of the people. He is deprived of his office for such a sacrilegious violation of honour and of honesty. But, whether this sovereign were wrongfully displaced, or with justice ; whether this people conducted their proceedings with rigorous propriety and from pure motives, or with a violence and fierceness of usurpation, reprehensible in any supposeable degree you please ; is it possible for any man, not cankered by the vilest peculation, not giddy with ambitious projects, not frantic with intemperance of passion, to maintain, by sober argument, a right of interference

interference with the internal œconomy of this country, on the part of any foreign potentate whatever? I trow not.—Are then, indeed, the French justly deemed *assassins*, if they repel by force the sanguinary plunderers and invaders of their territory, who threaten themselves with slavery, their leaders with destruction, and their capital with the lawless vengeance of a ruffian soldiery? Nay, are these people not rather authorised (*I speak after the manner of men*, and upon the professed theories of national politics in the present profligacy of human governments) to treat those spoilers, as an individual would treat the murderer, who broke into his house to butcher himself and family, and to spoil his goods? “May he that taketh up the sword, perish by the sword!” is a venial and salutary wish. I never could contemplate, I freely acknowledge for myself, the conduct of the confederated host in any other point of view than that, presented in this statement: and had these bloody ravagers,

“Who shut the gates of mercy on mankind,”

been themselves excluded from all mercy, and cut off, root and branch, by the enraged swords of the republican avengers; I should have pronounced over their baptism of death this sentence

of the Jewish captain: "Your blood be upon
"your own head! They are guiltless!"

neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

Few tears of pity trickled down, few sighs of
compassion were breathed out, while Phalaris
was bellowing the pangs of death from the tor-
ments of his own bull.

Upon the whole, nothing now remains but for
my Lord Grenville, this Anak among statesmen
to the distempered optics of Edmund Burke;
this *Lucifer* among the twinkling drops of our
political hemisphere; to prepare courtly smiles
and phrases of benignity for a *fraternal embrace*
of an ambassador from those execrable regicides,
whom he has reviled with every species of
contumelious calumny, "foaming out it's own
"flame," in a stile of the coarsest possible vul-
garity, that Rancour could rake from the sinks
of Billingsgate. Myself, who have exulted in
the successes of the French, and the disgrace of
their insolent and odious foes, with a keenness of
transport not to be described; I have been long
prepared to hail the triumphant entry of a
republican representative; and shall exclaim,
with equal sincerity and rapture,

Dicite,

Dicite, Io Pæan! et Io, bis dicite, Pæan!

Oh! may I live to hail that glorious day,

And sing loud Pæans through the crouded way*!

Such a determination, therefore, as this of our author upon the present case, which dignifies *real murderers* with the title of religious champions, and commendable vindicators of peace and order, whilst it calumniates the magnanimous defenders of their country, their property, and their lives, with the atrocious appellation of *assassins*; is one of those monstrous perversities of judgement, which degrade the species itself, and approximate to a perfect brutalization of rationality.

As for our author's "sanctuary of the tomb," and "his immunities of the dead," &c. these are the canting whimsies of a wild and gloomy imagination; mere hypertragical whinings of farcical superstition; the doatings of the nurse, and the bugbears of the infant. Surely the utilities of the *living* will form the concern of reasonable men; not the inexplicable consolations of the *dead*.

* Tum meæ, si quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O! Sol
Pulcher, O! laudande! capám.— HOR.

Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos?

For all is calm in that eternal sleep:

There Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep.

At Shelford, near Nottingham, is the burial-vault of the Earls of Chesterfield. Some years ago, the sexton of that church, who was a tailor by trade, violated "the sanctuary of the tomb," by *cabbing* slices of red velvet from the coffins of the noble sleepers, and cutting them into *coat-collars* for his customers. The whole parish was in amazement at the quantity of fiery capes flaunting through the village, and illuminating the country round. At length the vicar, a sagacious and pious man! traced the cause of these flaming exhibitions; and wrote, in terms of the most piteous horror and lamentation, to the late Earl upon the subject of such terrific and unhallowed depredation. The witty nobleman administered ghostly comfort to his vicar; exhorted him to moderate the excesses of his sorrow; and to join rather with himself in admiring and commending the provident ingenuity of the tailor, for bringing into light and employing usefully what himself and his ancestors had consigned to eternal darkness and decay.

What our author next advances, here and throughout his pamphlet, of a personal nature
merely,

merely, in justification of himself and his pension, seems in most respects so reasonable, and is altogether conveyed in such melting strains of pathetic eloquence, as might disarm even Malice and Antipathy themselves of a wish to censure. By me at least, the sacred sorrows of true genius, and the disconsolate lamentations of an afflicted father, shall be regarded, not with respect only, but with reverence. I have no wish but to counteract the pernicious tendency of political absurdities, to chastise the enormities of gigantic Vice; and hope, with a warmth of sincerity not exceeded by his dearest friends, that this sun of glory, through a gradual and mild decline, may finally set in peace.

As to the pension of Mr. Burke, if the present ministers, or any other set of men, had come forward to the parliament and the public, in a tone, frank, manly, and explicit: "Mr. Burke, " for a considerable portion of his life, has de- " voted, in his senatorial capacity, those talents " and accomplishments,

" Of which all Europe rings from side to side,"

" to the service of the state, and has benefited his " country in some most important instances: it " is our wish to recompense the merits of so great " a man

" a man, and to provide for the repose of his
 " declining years, in a public remuneration,
 " sanctioned by the suffrage of his country; and
 " we apply to that country for this purpose :"—
 if, I say, a proposal of such a nature had been
 made, and in some such manner; no man, I will
 venture to assert, would have hesitated a single
 suspicion of dislike. All parties and descriptions
 could not have failed to join in their applause of
 a measure, apportioned with discretion, not less
 honourable to the donors, than the subject of it :
 nor would the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of
 Lauderdale, I am bold to affirm, been among the
 last with expressions of assent, and contributions
 of esteem. It was the clandestine management and
 mysterious secrecy of this transaction, not unac-
 companied, from the coincidence of time, by no
 unreasonable presumption of the wages of apo-
 stasy, that justly excited the generous sensations
 of these noble persons; sympathising in a spirit
 of unmingled patriotism for their exhausted coun-
 try, and gloriously standing forth as the advocates
 of œconomy amidst the unbounded licentiousness
 of ministerial profusion *.

That suspicion of desertion from the cause of

* Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.

liberty

liberty, as not wholly contemporary and commensurate with conviction, on which I have just touched, was but too powerfully aided by a display of frantic vehemence (characteristic in many instances of profelyte imposture, which endeavours to atone for it's former obliquities by an inordinate shew of zeal, approximate to rancour, in support of it's deviations) and a most callous impenetrability to the searching sensations of long and tender friendship: a sample of obduracy, as I was informed by a friend to the minister and a spectator of this extraordinary scene, that affected the whole assembly with unspeakable disgust, and even horror, at the victim of such wretched passion; imprinting more deeply, at the same time, on the heart of every observer their love and veneration for the kindly affections of Mr. Fox *.

Nay, Mr. Burke himself, tremblingly alive to the delicate touch of generous self-estimation †, should have disdained the mysticism and chicanery of such paltry instruments. He should have felt his life dishonoured, his endowments disparaged, and his motives exposeable to the

* Cui in eliore luto finxit præcordia Titan. Juv.

† ——— 'στ' ολιγον περ επιψαυει πρατιδεσθιν. Hom.
most

most legitimate imputations of interested accommodation, by accepting on such terms the bounty of men, who seem desirous of seducing converts, only to disgrace them :

“ Hate stronger under shew of love well-feign’d :”

who blend with charlatanical imposture the hardnesses of inhumanity : who forgive the heterodoxies of their new associates, to insure and precipitate their ruin, under the semblance of reconciliation and benignity. Their Syren songs are but the lure and prelude to a shipwreck of honour, consistency, and happiness. They present a branch of myrtle to the witless renegado, but under the leaves is a poisoned dagger.

Existing circumstances have been growing for some time past rather too momentous, and “ big with fate,” for jocularly ; otherwise, as Cicero somewhere expresses his surprise, that one *augur*, when he meets another, can forbear laughing in his face ; so I have often wondered, that our *state-augurs* can withhold a smile of gaiety at each other, from a consciousness of the grand *humbug*, which they are carrying on with such complete success ; cajoling the country, to enrich themselves ; tickling the trout, and thus securing him in their clutches. Their conduct reminds me of a

pleasant

pleasant passage in the works of Pope; which might indeed have taught me to moderate surprise, by furnishing a solution of my perplexity* :

“ It is no wonder in an age of such education
 “ and customs, that, as Thucydides says, *Robbing*
 “ was honoured, provided it were done with
 “ gallantry; and that the ancient poets made
 “ people question one another as they failed,
 “ *If they were thieves?* as a thing, for which
 “ no one ought either to be scorned or up-
 “ braided!”

Thus far the poet †.

“ Astronomers have supposed, that if a certain
 “ comet, whose path intersected the ecliptick,
 “ had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign,
 “ it would have whirled us along with it, in it's
 “ excentrick course, into God knows what re-
 “ gions of heat and cold. Had the portentous
 “ comet of the rights of man, (which ‘ from it's
 “ horrid hair shakes pestilence, and war,’ and
 “ with fear of change perplexes Monarchs”)

* Essay on Homer, sect. iii.

† *Ισχε, ψευδεια πολλὰ λεγών εὐμφοίσιον ὁμοία.* HOM.

“ had

“ had that comet crossed upon us in that infernal
 “ state of England, nothing human could have
 “ prevented our being irresistibly hurried, out of
 “ the highway of heaven, into all the vices,
 “ crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French
 “ revolution.”

It is exceedingly to be lamented, that furious bigotry in some, sordid interest, pride of rank, or shallow prejudice in others, should obstruct or pervert their view in the contemplation of the propositions involved in this quotation : or rather, that with too much discernment to be deluded themselves, such numbers should be seduced by bad passions and dangerous pursuits to a false representation of the question for the purpose of deceiving others, and converting their deluded votaries into the instruments of their own ambition and duplicity. The question never subsisted between our present political condition, and the excesses subsequent on the revolution in France. The alternative truly lay, as every man of sense must instantaneously perceive, and every honest mind as instantaneously allow, between the enormous spoils of a licentious administration, and a temperate reform of corruptions, which the most unblushing retainers of a court could not but acknowledge to exist. It was the determined

terminated resistance of all reformati^ons whatsoever, and a perseverance on principle in a scheme of domination, which had deprived the people of even the slender dependence hitherto reposed on the broken reed of a representative constitution, that made even moderate reformers rise in their demands; and cruel imprisonments with arbitrary persecutions, ruinous to the fame and fortunes of the sufferers, upon the perjuries of spies and informers, (a circumstance of itself sufficient to blast any cause) with a succession of false alarms and fabricated plots, that drove multitudes from the standard of monarchy to the ranks of republicanism. I unreservedly assert, with the documents of experience and the dictates of philosophy to bear me out in this assertion, that such resolute rejection of all proposals for the melioration of a fabric *,

* But *innovation* must be resisted; which, however, as my Lord Bacon observes, Essay xxiv. is not more turbulent than a "froward retention of custom:" which remark is preceded by a sentence, fraught with intrinsic wisdom, and extremely pertinent to the present disquisition:

"Surely every medicine is an innovation; and he, that will not apply new remedies, must expect new evils: for Time is the greatest innovator; and, if Time of course alter things to the worse, and Wisdom and Counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?"

which,

which, as human, must necessarily want occasional repairs, and should improve with improving man; I assert, that such pertinacity was probably effectual beyond the measures so strenuously opposed, and so tragically reviled, to bring upon ourselves "the vices, crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French revolution." This acuteness of distress, at the present moment, from famine and other concomitant disasters of the war, beyond all example and almost all endurance, among the inferior classes of society and the poor pensionaries of public bounty, must naturally create a discontent, in the first instance, with the government, under which they labour; and may ripen to a crisis of despair, which, with the convulsive grasp of Sampson, will seize the column of the state, and involve itself, with the whole fabric of national existence, in carnage and desolation. Things cannot remain stationary long. With the present headstrong infatuation of our rulers, a refuge will and must be sought, in the regular process of physical events, from the pressure of insupportable calamity, either in the fiery ordeal of revolution, or the hideous jaws of devouring despotism:

—Patet immani, et vasto respectat hiatus.

But from despotism, the present state of intellectual

tellectual advancement among mankind, in union with the monstrous unconstitutional usurpations of our rulers, and the unprincipled extravagance of government expences, creative of general abhorrence and renitency, are likely, I think, to secure the nation, aided, as it will be, by the neighbouring influence of the French republic; not her arms, but the silent and tranquil operation of her principles on our character, our manners and our policy: an imperceptible efficacious energy! which nothing can preclude, nothing can counteract, and nothing eventually resist. The storms of war and the blusterings of internal rage may spend their turbulence in vain; but the warm rays of peace from the meridian of France will insinuate their gentle activity to the very recesses of our body politic, and divest us of all our incumbrances and corruptions. I see that vast formidable empire, descending in thunder, like the Nile, from the mountains of Æthiopia; circling with it's liquid arms, and overspreading with it's mighty body, the gay fabrics ~~the~~^{and} spacious deserts of monarchy, aristocracy, and ecclesiastical usurpation. I see that deluge of resistless waters gradually subside into their wonted channel: I see them flow with a majestic tranquillity to the bosom of the ocean, and all the traces of their former ravages obli-

D

terated

terated by one extensive and expanding Paradise * of verdure, fertility, and beauty.

It is a subject of grievous solicitude and of truly portentous apprehension, nor in the least degree to us, who have devoted ourselves to the noiseless occupations of sequestered literature,

———— mutas agitare inglorius artes,

that ignorant and besotted statesmen, swollen with aristocratic haughtiness, or intoxicated with power, should be passively endured to play such a desperate game of hazard with all that is valuable in a community; and to expose a whole empire to the lawless depredations of the most necessitous and untutored of mankind. And yet the probability of a catastrophe, so truly tremendous even in idea, is growing daily more and more presumable, from our disastrous perseverance in measures, commenced with insanity, pursued with ferocity, and continued from despair. These are melancholy forebodings; but cannot be too earnestly inculcated, nor too seriously recommended to the full reflection of my

* Nunc altæ frondes, et rami matris, opacant;
Crescentique adimunt fetus, uruntque ferentem.

VIRG. ..

countrymen.

countrymen. The reception of such warnings with ridicule, or disregard, will only add to my persuasion of their validity, from that singular self-delusion and insensate blindness, invariably attached to the promoters of alarming revolutions on the eve of their appearance. If the prime actors in these scenes of madness "were
 "aware that such a thing might happen, such a
 "thing never could happen:" their fears would surmount their obstinacy, and lead them to relent in seasonable concessions, and gradual reformation*.

Alas! the extravagant rampancy of haughty rulers is but too apt to regard the mass of mankind as mere beasts of burden, brought into the world with bridles in their mouths, and saddles on their backs, ready to be ridden with whip and spur by the nurslings of royalty, the descendants of nobility, and the sable successors of the order of Melchisedech!

- * Sed tamen effabor ; dictis dabit ipsa fidem res
 Forſitan, et graviter terrarum motibus orbis
 Omnia conquaſſari in parvo tempore cernes.
 Quod procul a nobis ſeſtat fortuna gubernans ;
 Et ratio potius, quam res perſuadeat ipſa,
 Succidere horriſono poſſe omnia viſta fragore.

LUCRET.

The remainder of our author's extraordinary letter consists of *five* several divisions. In the *first* is contained a statement and vindication of the writer's political exertions in the service of his country, with a detail of the difficulties, opposed to his projects, from the prejudices of individuals and the peculiar embarrassments of the times. Such an air of conscious self-approbation, but attempered with modesty ; such an appearance of sincerity, which disdains a surrender of it's own worth to the suggestions of false shame, pervades this division, as impresses on the face of the narrative a stamp of authenticity, that will ensure it's currency with dispassionate and candid readers. I myself at least both wish, and believe, the statement to be true. A *second* portion is employed on the Duke of Bedford and other particulars connected with him. A *third* is consecrated to the dirge of parental piety over a son of his fondest love. Here indeed are breathed the sighs of immortality ! Here are poured, in sorrowful profusion,

Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead !

A *fourth* division fulminates a storm of invective, black and loud, upon the revolutionists of France ; and the last is occupied in the illustration of Lord Keppel's character : a most striking

striking eulogy, such as could scarcely have been hoped from the fondest friendship of this inimitable artist, on the magnanimity, the abilities, the private and public virtues of that nobleman. On *two* of these topics, I shall presume to subjoin a few free remarks ; after premising, that the entire composition rolls forward in a flood of fire, deep, flaming, and impetuous ; involving every object within the vast embrace of it's expansion in one general conflagration. On the French revolution in particular, which lays every energy of his writhing spirit on the rack of agony, the exertions of the writer are displayed in a stile of terrible sublimity, that thrills to the very marrow of the soul * with a pleasing horror : a sublimity, in my estimation, without a parallel in the repositories of mortal eloquence.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit † !

But, as eloquence is no convertible term for either truth, or modesty, or candour ; when we feel our souls disenchantèd by time and reflection from

* Προς ακρον μυελον ψυχης. EURIP.

† My commendations here, and elsewhere, must be understood to respect the *general spirit* of the sentiments, and the *absolute* vigour and richness of expression ; not the *collocation* of the words, or the lucid *arrangement* of the clauses. For in these respects there are many unchastised impropri-

from the sorceries of the tongue ; let us find leisure for a disinterested appeal from the impetuosity of resentful passion to the sobriety of judgement ; and consider, whether Mr. Burke's remarks on the Duke of Bedford be compatible either with Truth, with Honour, or with Virtue.

As no circumstances and connections of my life have introduced me to an experimental knowledge of this noble person, (though, if I were inclined to expatiate beyond my practical information, I could extol one transcendent excellence upon the highest credibility, and of which my mind from the nature of the evidence is perfectly assured :

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni :

without any conviction that will authorise on my part the imputation of a single vice) under this seclusion, I say, from more intimate inspection, I shall restrain myself within the circumference of his public character, and descant on those overt acts of political interference, notorious to the world at large.

ties of grammar, many ruggednesses of construction ; much slovenliness and frequent ambiguity ; the result, perhaps, of haste and negligence. Here Mr. Burke can support no sort of competition with the best models of antiquity.

And

And here surely an ingenuous observer will find ample materials for the purest praise, and bid defiance at the same time to all suspicion of insinuating artifice and interested adulation.

In the midst of a predominant consternation, that besotted the intellects of nobility, and perverted the organs of their intellectual sight, in consequence of a disposition to behold the sun of Truth, broken and distorted on the troubled waters of Gallic fury; the Duke of Bedford has preserved his mind in a calm of dispassionate neutrality: his feelings have continued without distemper, and his perspicacity unclouded. He, doubtless, with all the children of Virtue and Benevolence and Sensibility, has viewed with sensations of the deepest anguish, with shuddering nerves and with a bleeding heart, the ferocious atrocities of that unhappy people; atrocities, unexampled, I believe, in the sanguinary register of human crimes; atrocities, on which to dwell with deliberate contemplation were an insupportable agony of spirit:

— cui non conrepunt membra pavore?

But his magnanimity and discernment have conspired to instruct him, how to separate the *actors* from the *cause*; to distinguish the genuine

philosophical consequences of radical reformation, from the local, national, and educational peculiarities of the reformers. *He*, amidst all the untoward appendages of such affluence and so high a station, has been fortunate enough to discover, like other intelligent, unprejudiced, and honest men, a variety of reasons, operative to these excesses, unconnected with the severest principles of equality; reasons, not essentially interwoven with the very broadest system of universal Liberty. The grievous oppressions of that people under the bloody rod of their despotic taskmasters, requiring brick, but furnishing no straw; an insolent and profligate noblesse, (still unmollified by poverty and exile and degradation) absorbing the vital nutriment of the country, so that their fleece alone grew wet, when all around them was dryness and sterility: gross and despicable mummeries of Superstition, at once the parent and the child of Ignorance and Vice, each producing and springing from the other with reciprocal operation: these, and other concurrent causes, not difficult to develop and enumerate, with some probably unknown to me, carried their undisciplined and unexperienced minds, once unfettered and put in motion, under the keen impulse also of their former sufferings, down the steep of licentiousness and
cruelty

cruelty with accelerated precipitation. To expect a well regulated political œconomy, without tumult, without violence, without bloodshed, to establish itself at once in such unfavourable circumstances, amidst so fierce a conflict of discordant sentiments, opposing interests, and un-illuminated prepossessions, is unphilosophical and inconsequent; a solecism in political reasoning disgraceful to the most despicable intellect, or the very excess of inexperience and puerility. Immure a man in the gloomy recesses of a dungeon; where, for a succession of years, no light, save the casual glimmerings of a star, or the pale glances of the moon, shall render visible the palpable darkness, that environs him: tell me, will such an one be able to encounter the broad beam of day, and much less the meridian blazes of the sun, without giddiness of brain and a temporary extinction of his sight? This, if I mistake not, may be justly deemed the condition of the French at the crisis under contemplation. But no peculiarities of this nature (or in an incomparably less degree) accompanied the state of English polity and manners; so as to authorise an indiscriminate abuse and horror of French principles, upon a rational expectation of the same result in this country, from similar efforts of reformers. A long twilight of liberty had prepared

pared our eyes to meet the emergence of open day without dizziness and stupefaction. Though the filthy scum of human authority and hierarchical domination, with occasional *fasts* to sharpen the appetite for murder, and some capital absurdities of less extensive operation, still floated on the surface of our religious system, the grosser dregs of Popish corruption were effectually drawn off: Christianity was not confined to the mere externals of ostentatious ceremony, but served as a trunk to support and nourish a rational morality, connecting itself with the businesses and bosoms of mankind; and our religion was generally regarded not as a visionary mysticism, and a cloak for hypocrisy and crimes, but as a rule of life.

These are a few, amongst a multiplicity of circumstances, that seemed a probable barrier against the dreadful effects, so justly abhorred, but so irrationally apprehended here; circumstances, that might be deemed to render us, with a competent share of providential wisdom, capable of reaping the fruits of reformation, without previously tasting the bitterness of the root.

Behold then, with this preliminary provision full before us, a spectacle, viewed in all
it's

it's dependencies and connections, of no ordinary grandeur. A young nobleman, of the highest rank, the most splendid ancestry, and the amplest fortune, standing aloof from nearly an universal panic of his peers, at a time when the basest arts of ministerial intrigue had deluded the public sentiment into a confusion of constitutional freedom with levelling democracy, and had made even an opposition to slaughter and devastation a source of obloquy and danger: behold him asserting with a firm decision of character, with prompt elocution, and cogent reasoning, those maxims of civil polity, that placed the Brunswic family on the throne; condemning with indignant energy the gross depravity of ministers; and reprobating that ardent thirst of war, which appeared, from the fierceness of their threats and the evenomed acrimony of their malice, to admit of no abatement, but by quenching it's fervours in the inundation of a whole Country with the blood of her inhabitants. It were easy to have exhibited this picture of firmness, and good sense, much more at length, and in all it's attitudes, if an obvious reason, which respects myself, did not suggest the prudence of forbearance on this occasion. But neither the whispers of unmanly shame, nor coward apprehension from a charge of adulation, shall betray me into a real impropriety, by studying

dying to avoid an imaginary indecorum ; nor shall Mr. Burke, with all the fascinations of his eloquence, beguile me of a high admiration and warm applause of the Duke of Bedford's conduct. From the shield of ætherial temper, presented by such genuine magnanimity, such public Virtue, such disinterested Patriotism, even the furious lance of that flower of chivalry, the weapon of mere mortal passion, falls innoxious to the ground.

—— postquam arma dei ad Vulcania ventum est,
Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futills, ictu
Diffiluit : fulvâ resplendent fragmina arenâ.

To pass over without notice those sarcastical asperities on royal grants and transmitted property, of universal application to all such cases, equally perilous and unkind, nor surely perfectly consistent in an avowed champion of nobility ; and to dismiss unchastised those coarsenesses of phraseology, not very honourable, I think, to such exquisite elegance of taste ; I would ask simply, Is it decorous, is it generous, is it manly, is it *innocent*, to promote an odium on the Duke of Bedford, from the supposed frailties of his progenitors, and from irrelative incidental peculiarities of their private or political condition * ? What high and copious pane-

* Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine, Juv.

gyric on the Duke, that, through his remote ancestors alone, his character should be deemed vulnerable! And what a satire is this extraneous digression on the head and heart of Mr. Burke! On his *head*, for attempting to associate two things so totally unconnected and dissimilar, as present worth and antediluvian infirmities, with an expectation too of duping his readers by such a flimsy artifice: on his *heart*, for a torrent of impotent and inapplicable defamation, calculated to debauch the judgement and inflame the passions of his readers to the standard of it's own malignity.

“ The Duke of Bedford conceives, that he is
 “ obliged to call the attention of the House of
 “ Peers to his Majesty's grant to me, which he
 “ considers is excessive and out of all bounds.”

And the Duke of Bedford is, I think, abundantly justifiable in this assertion, and deserving of applause, for the spirit, which prompted him to make it. Mr. Burke! there must be something extremely culpable, it should appear to me, either in the disposition, or the conduct, of a man of letters in a situation similar to your own, to wish or require so large a pension for the satisfaction of his exigencies. A philosopher, like you, should have inured himself to circumscribe his wants, and to moderate every enjoyment

ment purely personal, with jealous circumspection and a principled scrupulosity.

Quod si quis verâ vitam ratione gubernet,
Divitiæ grandes hominî sunt vivere parce
Æquo animo.

LUCRET.

Consider, I beseech you, how many students, not gifted indeed with a tythe of your genius, but in learning and in labour not much inferiour, a partition of your pension would make affluently rich, and happy to the fullest extension of their desires. Condescend to institute for one moment a comparison between your enormous grant, and the rule of sufficiency prescribed by one, well known to you, for men of an intellectual and sublimed character; a character so legitimately your own :

————— mensura tamen quæ
Sufficiat census, si quis me consulat, edam :
In quantum sitis, atque fames, et frigora poscunt;
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis;
Quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates. Juv.

Make this comparison, I say, with what impartiality you can; and then judge, whether you have not disgraced yourself, the cause of letters, and the tenour of your life, by the acceptance of so vast a sum, for the mere incumbent duties of your station, when multitudes
of

of your deserving countrymen, from this glorious war of order, of religion, and of humanity, are pining in distress, unnoticed and unknown; shivering with cold, and perishing with famine. Your personal dignity, that genius, that science, that store of literary accomplishments, which are all likewise your's in accumulated measure, "pressed down and running over;" have contracted, I fear, a stain of indelible dishonour. Either you have never sufficiently impressed on your mind that dignified sentiment of Pythagoras,

————— παντων δε μάλιστα δισχυνοσ σ αυτον *
 ————— o'er all things reverence thyself :

or you must have suffered a temporary rasure of this invaluable maxim from the tablet of your memory. You, of all mankind, should have been aware, that even the benevolence of *gracious kings* might confer but ignominy on EDMUND BURKE.

Reflect also, Sir ! in the simplicity and humility of the Gospel, that it is the prime duty of philosophers and Christians, to raise ourselves, after the utmost capacity of our frail natures, to a resemblance of the Divinity itself. "Be ye
 " therefore perfect, even as your Father, which
 " is in heaven, is perfect," is the concise, the
 7 energetic,

energetic, the solemn injunction of one, who spake, as never man *has* spoken to this day. True greatness and superiority of character consist in contracting the sphere of our wants, and in the diminution of their number. The man of fewest desires, and those desires within the compass of his own abilities to satisfy, exhibits the noblest pattern of genuine philosophy, the purest specimen of evangelical proficiency, and the closest approximation to sublimer natures. But the depraved taste of Mr. Burke, not sufficiently tinctured by the pure effluence of Gospel impregnation, may be concluded to regard with more admiration "the glory of Solomon, than the lily of the field."

With respect to Mr. Burke's renewed invectives on the French, they are virulent, they are furious, they are infernal, to the utmost capabilities of language. But, whether these torrent eruptions of outrageous zeal proclaim more loudly the powers of the head, or the perversities of the heart, is a problem beyond my materials of moral demonstration to resolve. To his vigour of conception, his comprehension and vivacity of thought, his energies of phrase, his accumulations of original and striking imagery, it is difficult for conjecture to fix a limit: but his acrimony, his phrenzies, his absurdities, his misrepre-

misrepresentations, and his inconsistencies, have also certainly no bounds. This seems a parallel case to that stated by Bishop Hoadley, under the assumed name of Sir Richard Steele, between the hierarchy of Rome and the church of England: the one is infallible, and the other is never in the wrong. It is the case, with an exception of variation in their predominant accomplishment, of immortal Marlborough, as estimated by the poet of my affection:

In each, how guilt and greatness equal ran;
And all, that rais'd the hero, sunk the man!

When this *Jupiter fulminans* of literature is discharging all the artillery of—heaven against France;

Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli; Juv.

whilst he is darting from a black storm of wrath his thunder and his lightnings on the republicans; whilst he endeavours to disparage these shattered victims of his vengeance by contrasting the sonorous vocabulary of “the *Turennes*, the “*Luxembourgs*, and the *Boufflers*,” with the vulgar names of “the *Pichegrus* and “*Jourdans*,” his impotence of passion not only depraves his judgement *, but betrays his memory. Perhaps,

* *Nitimini cohonestare res turpes, atque, omnibus argutiarum modis pro rebus subditis, verborum invertitis cor-*

E

rumpitisque

haps, the *Brunswicks*, and the *Cobourgs*, and the *Clairfaves*, and the *Wurmfers*, and the *Wirtemburgs*, may found as big, and may have fought as well, (but in much bloodier and more glorious fields) as these *Turennes*, *Luxembourgs*, and *Boufflers*: and yet the *Fourdans* and the *Pichegrus* of noiseless enunciation, to the most perfect contentment of my heart;

————— O! colendi

Semper, et culti!

these ignoble fans-culottish captains, I say, have exhibited, in those mighty heroes of birth and name, a most delectable exemplification of that consolatory and solid maxim:

The man that fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

What? Is not Mr. Burke aware, that it *may be* with *generalship*, as it *is*, and *has* often *been*, with *eloquence* and *learning*?

————— imâ ex plebe Quiritem

Facundum invenies: solet hic defendere causas

Nobilis indocti: veniet de plebe togatâ,

Qui juris nodos et legum ænigmata solvat †. Juv.

When

rumpitisque naturas; atque, ut olim accidere male sanis solet, quorum turbida vis morbi sensum atque intelligentiam depulit, confusa atque incerta jactatis, et inania per rerum figmenta bacchamini. ARNOBIUS.

† Yet mark me: from the scum, which you despise,
Some one, enriched with eloquence, shall rise,

And

When Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim; "My Lord Duke," says the Marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world." "*I hope,*" replied the Duke, "*you except those who have had the honour of beating them.*"

Let us be insulted no more with such boisterous nothingness, such self-confuting arrogance, such ineffably contemptible bombast. Our own eyes tell us in the *Grenvilles* and the *Pitts*, that *heaven-born ministers* exist: and why not *generals* of the same ætherial extraction?

"However, let his Grace think as he may of my demerits with regard to a war with regicide, he will find my guilt confined to that alone. He never shall, with the smallest colour of reason, accuse me of being the author of a peace with regicide."

If I, a *swinish plebeian*, might be allowed to personate Herod the king, for a single moment, I would exclaim, "This is Paul unregenerate,

And snatch the illiterate noble from distress, —
While the mute booby gapes at his success:
Another shall the quibbles, which involve
The law's ambiguous sense, with wisdom solve.

Mr. OWEN's Version.

“ *breathing out threatenings and slaughter*, risen from the dead ” What a picture of frightful contrast have we here presented to our eyes, between *Jesus of Nazareth*, and *Edmund Burke* ! When Christ, all benevolence, and gentleness, and equality ! came into the world, *Peace* was sung* : when he left the world, *Peace* was bequeathed †. But War, bloody, savage, unrelenting, exterminating War,

—— horrid king ! besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents’ tears——

is the primary cry, the continued proclamation, the final bequest, of this infatuated, madding, questionable prophet of kingship and aristocracy :

War first, War last, War midst, and without end ‡.

A peace with *regicides* ! What then would Mr. Burke have thought, had he been a French-

* Luke ii. 13, 14.

† John xiv. 27.

‡ We may represent to our imaginations this spurious disciple of a meek and lowly Saviour, pouring forth his devotional ejaculations to his grim idol, as he is a scholar, in terms something like the following :

Ω Πολεμε, κρυερὸν Σατανα τεκνόν, ὅποτε σειο
Λησσομαι, αρχομενόν, ὅδ’ αναπαυομενόν.
Ἀλλ’ αἰεὶ πρωτον τε, καὶ ὑστατον, ἐν τε μεσοισιν
Λεισώ· συ δ’ ἐμευ κλυθι, καὶ εσθλα διδου.

man, of a peace with HOMICIDES? If a man were compelled to make his horrid choice, would he not prefer for himself the single decapitation of poor unhappy Louis, to swelling with his war-whoop that terrific yell, which was the prelude to a massacre, perhaps, of no less than two MILLIONS of human beings? many of them, in their individual capacity, of more worth than all the kings in Christendom; and to whom life was as sweet and valuable *, as to the proudest monarch on his throne. Surely, surely, Mr. Burke! it is less encroachment upon virtue, and the well-being of mankind, that *one axe* should be uncased for a few solitary victims of royal birth, than that *myriads of swords* should leap from their scabbards for the assassination of such multitudes of men.

Though I poise these horrible cases of atrocity, with such a semblance of cold tranquillity, in the balance, under the irresistible incentive of undisputed and important truths, I feel myself, and shall be deemed sincere by those who know me, as deeply impressed by the unparal-

* Οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ψυχῆς ἀνταξίων, εἰδ' ὅσα φασιν

ἴλιον ἐκτεθῆαι————

Hom. Il. ix. 401.

and the whole of that divine passage.

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leled calamities of that unhappy family, as the generality of susceptible minds. But, for those advocates of blood, who could rejoice over the destruction of their fellow-creatures, and detail, with exaggerated malignity, the slaughters of the French in their gazettes, with all the exultation of a Cyclops, belching the crudities of human victims, and besmeared with their gore :— for miserales like these, I say, to talk of *their* compassion for Louis and his family, and *their* detestation of the cruelties exercised upon them * ; is the most audacious insult on the common sense and feelings of humanity within my knowledge. After a complexion of absurd inconsistency, not less odious and contemptible, are the commendations lavished by credulous simplicity on Mr. Wilberforce for his exertions in behalf of slavery : that politico-theological Satyr of the times ! who with one breath can cool the burning anguish of the African, and with another, in the self-same instant, blasts the

* Jam, dudum me fateor, reputantem mecum in animo rerum hujuscemodi monstra, solitum esse mirari, audere vos dicere quenquam ex his atheum, irreligiosum, sacrilegum : cum, si verum fiat atque habeatur examen, nullos quam vos magis hujuscemodi par sit appellationibus nuncupari.

ARNOBIUS.

spring

spring from the year*, by giving his easy vote to an abandoned minister for the extirpation of half the youth of Europe by the sword! Men, like these, mere ignorant superstitious formalists† have (it is impossible!) no true, substantial, fundamental, evangelical religion whatsoever, seated either in the understanding or the heart‡. Their God is Moloch; their Christ, a fanatic juggler; their faith, credulity; their devotion, a ceremonial of paltry services; and their morality, a complication of all unrighteousness. These unhappy victims of error and fanaticism, are indeed the bitterest enemies of Jesus, and the grossest libel on his kind, pacific, merciful dispensation.

* ——— ὡς Περικλῆς εἶπε, τὴν νεότητά, τὴν ἀπολωμένην ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ, οὕτως ἠφανισθαι ἐκ τῆς πόλεως, ὡς περ εἰ τις τὸ εἶος ἐκ τῶ ἐνιαυτοῦ ἐξέλῃ.

“ As Pericles said, The youth, which had been lost in this
“ war, were effaced from the state, as if the spring were
“ taken from the year.”

DION. HAL. *de Demost. et Aristot. sect. 8.*

† That single fact of voting for such a war, a pregnant epitome of every human crime! considered in all its connections and dependencies, implies a depravity, to whose demerits the censure, here inflicted, is but scantily commensurate.

I shall

I shall now close these strictures with a simple declaration that, whatever conclusion any reader may choose to infer from the free spirit of this pamphlet, not one syllable throughout was prompted by native malignity of heart; not one sentiment was thrown off by the effervescence of malevolent emotion against Mr. Burke, or any being that exists: so help me God! My sole incentive was, an unmingled antipathy to Vice in all her forms, whether boldly profligate, or demurely formal*; an antipathy, which I will manifest, unseduced by interest, and unterrified by consequences, 'till the touch of Death shall chill the brain that dictates, and stiffen the hand that executes, together. Part of this declaration the suffrage of my friends will ratify; my condition in life proclaims the rest.

Hackney, March 12, 1796.

* And I trust no man will be angry with me for speaking thus, but those that find themselves touched therein, which ought rather to be angry with themselves for doinge, than to be discontent with me for sayinge so. And in no case they ought to be displeased with me, seeinge this is spoken also after that sort, not for the notinge of any person severallye, but for the amendinge of every one generallye.

Ascham's Toxophilus.

THE END.



A FEW WORDS
OF REPLY
To THOMAS TOWNSHEND, Esq.

On his Summary Defence
Of the Right Hon. EDMUND BURKE.

_____ dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum. VIRG.

Townshend his mouth in classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

SIR,

THOUGH the enormity of your self-conceit, so glaringly conspicuous through the tumour of your wordy composition, may be shocked at the declaration which I am proceeding to make; the public, I am persuaded, feels too little interest in the personalities of such men as yourself and me, to justify a prolix retort on my part to your invectives, were my occupations, of a more pleasing complexion, less pressing than I feel them at this moment. We differ so essentially in our elementary perceptions of things, as to render all expectation of recipro-

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cal conviction, or accommodation, in the highest degree extravagant. My remarks, therefore, shall be as direct and concise as possible, from an inclination on my part to submit our respective sentiments, as they have been already declared, to the decision of the public; and from a perfect contentment in that approbation, which men, highly estimable to me for their heads and hearts, have given to a pamphlet so ferociously assailed by the noisy blusterings of your undisciplined resentment.

You take occasion from my regret, in behalf of the lower orders of mankind, that "their necessitous and laborious condition should shut them up from those intellectual advantages, which adorn and exalt our natures," to launch out into a panegyric on "the charms of humble rural life," and quote Virgil most unmercifully in support of this exquisite and recondite sentiment. What inexpressible puerility is this! but how entirely consonant at the same time is such profound morality to the bombastic sesquipedalian verbosity of the self-created language that conveys it! You have ideas; you have genius; but so miserably disguised and discredited by pompous inanities of affected diction, that no merit of generous conception, no claim of elegant

gant imagination, will be conceded you, but by a man of true candour *like myself*, who can pronounce, I think, on the pretensions even of an adversary with the neutrality of disinterested judgement.

When you speak of "a mind blunt to national glory, &c. as a perversion and obliquity," because I rejoice in the successes of the French engaged, to my conception, in a righteous cause, and in the defeats of Englishmen, as the instruments of slavery and all mischief; you prove yourself that despicable moralist, who makes incidental connexion, not absolute justice, the standard of rectitude in political opinion. But none of your new democratical revolutionary theories of BENEVOLENCE, UNIVERSAL AND UNDISTINGUISHING, for *Thomas Townshend, Esq. of the honourable society of Gray's Inn!* "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Our Irish cavalier is a thorough-paced Israelite. Peace and prosperity to *homicide Englishmen!* Fire from heaven on *republican Samaritans!* Our college barber, a blunt and serious Scotchman, was accustomed to call, and not unaptly, men of this equivocal preposterous description, absolute aliens to the spirit of that religion, which they boasted to profess—BAP-

TIZED BRUTES; and he would have acknowledged, I think, the justice of your claims, Thomas Townshend! to this homely appellation. —But what have I done? Our Hibernian adventurer, in the true stile of Burkian chivalry, may have a challenge in reserve for *me* also, as he already has hurled one in defiance to *Mr. Miles*. But *n'importe*: never fear! the *wolf-dog* is no match for the solid complacent *Hippopotamus*, unconcernedly grazing in the vallies of the Nile, injuring and fearing no man. Thomas Townshend, however, and Edmund Burke, Esquires, are paired to admiration. One man of blood is a very proper advocate for another.

Your picture of our national happiness in page 39 is very gay indeed: but is accompanied with this unfortunate appendage; that no man in the three kingdoms will be so grossly simple as to believe it, but one at most; and that one, yourself. Your notions of political prosperity are of a piece with your evangelical and moral fancies: fancies, unlick'd as Bruin's cubs; disorderly as the colts of your native wilds. Only time, reflection, and better discipline, not the stripes of my tongue, can bring such an incomprehensible rodomontade adventurer to the path of sobriety and reason.

Your panegyric on the right honourable William Pitt, the conqueror of France and the heaven-born favour of these realms! is magnificent indeed.

*Heu! miserande puer! si quâ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.*

If with a pension Pitt thy zeal will fee,
Another Burke, O! Townshend, shines in thee.

I knew that being, his habits and communications, much earlier than you. With some perspicacity in pervading the characters of men, I have viewed his conduct from the first with undeviating assiduity. Depend upon it, he looks with infinitely more respect on my discernment, than on your's:

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

He stands amazed at your monstrous and unparalleled credulity: he almost violates his second nature at discovering himself to be the cause of this deplorable sottishness in his doating panegyrist.

You seem much scandalized, good creature! at my ridicule of Mr. Burke's whinings over "the sanctuary of the tomb," and all his fooleries of despicable superstition: you accumulate
accordingly

accordingly *your* unutterable insipidities on this head a hundred fold, clenching them all with a thundering passage, about *Misenus* forsooth! out of Virgil. Now he must be a very crabbed ungrateful mortal truly, who refuses to recompense your stale devotion with a heathen wish at least :

S. T. T. L!

O'er thy urn may rue, thyme, and pot-marjoram wave;
And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave!

My good Sir! your epinicion upon the abolition of the slave-trade is somewhat premature. Happy men, you and Mr. Wilberforce, to be blessed with such glorious opportunities of proving the vast expansion of your faith! After the bulky *camels*, which you are perpetually accustoming yourselves to swallow, ye will gulp down, dear babes of political grace! as if it were a *gnat*, this simple article of your civil creed; that "the abolition of the slave-trade is verily
" the only question in the world, which the
" immaculate minister cannot prevail on our
" independent House of Commons to decide in
" conformity to his wishes!" Poor Wilberforce! how thy shameless friend laughs in his sleeve at this master-piece of imposture on thy simplicity. True respectability of character might
be

be thy portion; wouldst thou but exert thyself in acquiring some projectile energy of intellect, to rescue thee from that vortex of debasing superstition, whither thou hast been unhappily concentrated by the co-operation of another, intimately known to me, as to thyself; of a mind as vigorous and sublime, as of a heart rancorous and groveling, replete with all guile and malice: a prodigy of intellect and guilt.

Your defence of inequalities, ecclesiastical and civil, is of a piece with your other puerilities of argument. All usurpation and domineering superiority, that impedes the general happiness of mankind, and is alike repugnant to reason and the gospel, should be moderated with unceasing effort. It is criminal to acquiesce in the childish maxim of superficial reasoners; that, because abuses of inequality always *have* existed among men, they always *must* exist. But this is a grand and extensive subject; for the discussion of which you have proved yourself totally disqualified, and not yet out of the *horn-book* of Christian morals. The sublime maxim of *going on unto perfection*, upon your contemptible discipline and view of things, is annihilated for ever. It is vanity and folly inexcusable to attempt an argumentation on these

these topics with men, who exchange certainty for possibility; who "do evil, that good may come;" who would murder half mankind to enslave the rest; and all for the preservation of order and good government: Sons of Belial! men of blood! *Oh! my soul! come not thou into their secret!*

Permit me, Sir, in conclusion, to enforce my advice already given; advice, originating in a benevolent concern for your reputation, and a real value for your talents. Be your opinions what they may, you have genius, you have learning: why will you make them both ridiculous by such unheard-of words and such hypertragical composition? Abandon your Pegasus, and condescend to amble through the *commonwealth* of letters at least with us *democrats* on the high road of temperate construction and intelligible phraseology:

Left from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on th' Aleian field you fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.

Farewell! Farewell!

G. W.

HACKNEY, March 27th, 1796.



